

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Gëttysburg Address

(Address of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States (born in Hardin County, Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809; died in Washington, April 14, 1865), delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gëttysburg, Pa., November 19, 1863.)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington; and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well.

They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh.

Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

Henry Ward Beecher. 171

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st in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination
and them."

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PRESENTED BY THE UNDERGRADUATE STUDENTS OF

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION

ASSISTED BY MISS PHYLLIS STRATHY AND MISS LORNA McLEAN,
GRADUATES OF 1920.

ARGUMENT:

SCENE: A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

CONTINUOUS PLAY.

Theseus, Duke of Athens, is about to wed Hippolyta. They are discussing their approaching marriage when Egeus, an old Athenian noble, appears with complaint against his daughter, Hermia. He wishes her to wed Demetrius, but she loves Lysander. Egeus invokes the law of Athens "either to die the death, or to abjure forever the society of men." Hermia determines to fly from Athens with Lysander. They confide in Helena, her playfellow. Helena, who madly dotes upon Demetrius, hastens to tell him of Hermia's proposed flight. Into the wood come the hard-handed men of Athens, who make arrangements for their production of a play before the Duke and Duchess on their wedding night. This wood is also a meeting place for fairies, Oberon and Titania, and because of their interference, through Puck, we have this play.

MORTALS:

THESEUS, Duke of Athens - - -	EDITH McFAUL
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons -	JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels -	JEAN McLAUGHLIN
EGEUS, Father of Hermia - - -	LILLIAN EASTWOOD
HERMIA, betrothed to Lysander - -	{ LENA SANDERS
	{ DOROTHY MURPHY
HELENA, in love with Demetrius - -	ALICE GATES
LYSANDER, betrothed to Hermia - -	ALETHA ORR
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia - -	FRANCES WHITE

PAGES ATTENDING THESEUS, AND LADIES ATTENDING HIPPOLYTA.

CLOWNS:

PETER QUINCE - - - - -	GRETA SCARROW
BOTTOM - - - - -	MARJORIE MCGILLIVRAY
FLUTE - - - - -	LILLIAN ROGERS
SNOUT - - - - -	NORAH MACLENNAN
STARVELING - - - - -	KATHLEEN THORP

PERFORMING IN THE PLAY AS PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, LION, MOONSHINE.

FAIRIES:

OBERON, King of the Elves - - -	LORNA McLEAN
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies - -	PHYLLIS STRATHY
PUCK or Robin Goodfellow - - -	JEAN DOUGLAS
FIRST FAIRY - - - - -	GRACE APPELGATH
DANCING FAIRY - - - - -	WINIFRED FAX
PEASEBLOSSOM - - - - -	NINETTE HOLLINGSWORTH
COBWEB - - - - -	PATTY CLELAND
MOTH - - - - -	ELEANOR HAMILTON
MUSTARDSEED - - - - -	GILBERT EATON

SINGING FAIRIES:

FAIRIES - - - - -	CHILDREN OF MISS HAMILTON'S CLASS
ELVES - - - - -	CHILDREN OF MISS STRATHY'S CLASS
WOOD SPRITES - - - - -	CHILDREN OF MISS McFETRIDGE'S CLASS

THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE

JUNE 9th, 1921.

The Principal and her associates are indebted to Mrs. F. J. Moore (Dora Mavor)
and Major Wilfrid Mavor for kind assistance in this production.

The Little Half Chick

Hundreds of years ago in Spain, there lived a black hen. She had some little yellow fluffy chickens. They were all yellow but one, and that one was black as coal. He was only a Half Chick; he had only one eye, one wing, and one leg, and he used to go hoppity kick, hoppity kick, hoppity kick around the barn yard.

One bright morning this Little Half Chick hopped up to his mother with his queer little hop and a kick and said, "Mother, I want to go to Madrid to see the king." His mother thought it was altogether too far Little Half Chick to go; but he wanted to go so much that she decided to let him try, thinking he would soon be tired out and come home again.

So Little Half Chick set off, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick down the road toward Madrid to see the king. He had not gone very far when a voice called to him, "Little Half Chick, Little Half Chick, I am the Water over here in the brook by the roadside caught in the sticks and stones and I can't get free. Please come over and help me!" But the Little Half Chick tossed his head right up in the air and said, "I can't stop to help you, I am going to Madrid to see the King." So off he went hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick down the road toward Madrid to see the king.

He had not gone very far when another voice called him. This time it was the voice of a Fire left burning over in the field by some gypsies. It called, "Little Half Chick, Little Half Chick, I am the Fire over here in the field. Please pick up some sticks to feed me, or I shall die." But the little Half Chick tossed his head right up in the air again and said, "I can't stop to help you, I am going to Madrid to see the King." So off he went hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick down the road toward Madrid to see the King.

He had not gone very far when another voice called to him. This time it was the voice of the Wind caught up in the top of a bramble bush by the roadside. It called, "Little Half Chick, Little Half Chick, I am the Wind caught up here in the top of this bramble bush. Please fly up here and set me free." But the Little Half Chick tossed his head right up in the air again and said, "Oh no, I can't stop to help you, I am going to Madrid to see the King."

At last it came to a courtyard of the King's palace. There he stood looking all around. Up in the second story window of the King's palace stood the King's Cook. The King's Cook was very unhappy for the King had said that he must have a chicken pot-pie for dinner that day and the cook did not know where to get a chicken in all Madrid.

Just that minute "Little Half Chick flew right up into the window where the Cook was. The Cook caught that Little Half Chick by the leg, turned around and put him into a kettle of water near the fire.

The Little Half Chick was very uncomfortable. He cried out, "Oh Water, Water don't wet me, I don't like it!" But the water answered, "Oh Little Half Chick, Little Half Chick, when I asked you to help me away back in the Country, you wouldn't help me; now I can't help you. I have my work to do and this is my work." Then the Fire began to grow more briskly and the Water began to grow hotter and hotter. The Little Half Chick cried out, "Oh Fire, Fire, please don't burn me; I don't like it!" The Fire answered, "Oh Little Half Chick, Little Half Chick, when I asked you to help me away back in the country you wouldn't help me. Now I can't help you, because I have my work to do, and this is my work."

Just then something happened. The Cook came over to the kettle, she took off the cover and looked in. You remember the little Half Chick was as black as coal. The Cook thinking he was burned, caught him by the leg and took him to the window and threw him as far as she could.

The wind caught him up and blew him until he was out of breath. "Oh Wind, please let me stop to get my breath, please let me stop to get my breath." But the Wind answered, "Oh, Little Half Chick, Little Half Chick, when I asked you to help me away back in the country you wouldn't help me. Now I can't help you because I have my work to do and this is my work."

The wind blew that Little Half Chick high up over the streets of the City, high up over the roofs of the City, high up to the top of the highest church steeple in all Madrid and there you can see him to this day.

MAMMY'S LI'L BOY.

Who all timedodgin' en de cott'n en de corn?
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
 Who all time stealin' ole massa's dinner-horn?
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.
 Byo baby boy, oh bye,
 By-o li'l' boy!
 Oh, run ter es mammy
 En she tek 'im in 'er arms,
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard?
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
 Who tek 'e stick 'n hit ole possum dog so hard?
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
 By-o li'l' boy!
 Oh, run ter es mammy
 En climb up en er lap,
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
 Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
 By-o li'l' boy!
 Oh, run to his mammy
 En she wipe es li'l' eyes,
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake?
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
 Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake?
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
 By-o li'l' boy!
 Oh, scoot fer your mammy
 En /~~hid~~ she hide yer f'om yer ma,
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.
~~Byo baby boy, oh bye,~~
~~By-o li'l' boy!~~

Who all de time er-trottin' to der kitchen fer a bite?
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
 Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look er sight?
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
 By-o li'l' boy!
 En 'e run ter es mammy
 Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
 Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can't play?
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
 By-o li'l' boy!
 En 'e come ter es mammy
 Ter rock 'im en 'er arms
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo, *shoo, shoo, shup! shoo, shoo, shoo.*
 Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo!
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo, *shoo-shoo*
 Shoo, shoo, shoo,
 Shoo . . . /

Dier now, lay right down on mammy's bed en go 'long back ter sleep, -ah
 shoo!



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